The Undoing

by Robin Hunt

Summary: Future!Fic / In fairytales, everything turns out okay,
everything turns out fine, and it is true. That *is* what happened.
Well, for 1 and a half decade, at least. / contains major time jumps
and ocs / captainswan, outlawqueen, rumbelle.

The Undoing

Granny's Diner. The only place where the whole hero clan can get
peace. Being a former evil queen and a prince of thief has been hard
on both Regina Mills and Robin Hood. They're also known as heroes,
having saved the town from jeopardy countless of times.

On the former thief's arms lay a baby. She was beautiful, her blue
eyes, like her father, staring up innocently and the two grown ups
and the teenager beside them. Henry, who is a fine young man of 15
was cooing the baby, excited that he's getting a step-sister.

"Isn't she the sweetest thing, Henry?" Regina said, turning her head
to face her teenage son.

"Yeah," Henry smiled, proud at his mother. She has been through a
lot, and this was her result. "She is. But my uncle is a cute baby,
too."

"Henry, can you keep a secret?" Regina asked Henry.

"Sure," Henry replied, uncertain of what his mother is going to tell
him. He hopes it isn't bad news.

"We're thinking of naming the baby Sharon or Arabella," Regina
whispered. "Robin likes Sharon, but I like Arabella. I think we
should go with Sharon because this is Robin's biological baby, but he
insists on the name Arabella, too."

"Arabella Hood," Henry stated, thinking for a while. "Sharon Hood. No

offense, mom, but I think I like Sharon Hood better."

"Sharon it is, then, we'll announce it at a royal dinner later,"
Robin said, suddenly butting in to the conversation. "You know,
Regina, you were good at killing, not so good at whispering."

"Hey!" Regina cried, playfully hitting her lover. "That was my past,
Robin. You were bad, too, you were a thief!"

"A thief that helps poor people, sweetheart," Robin smiled sweetly.
"When you steal for yourself, that makes you a thief, but when you
steal for someone else, that makes you a hero, slaughter
queen."

"Whatever," Regina rolled her eyes, even though deep inside, she
likes the feeling. When Daniel died, Regina thought she would never
have a happy ending ever again, but here she is, in the local diner
with her soulmate, her adoptive son, and step daughter.

Out of a sudden, Henry's cellphone rings, across the screen was the
writing 'KILLIAN' in huge, bold letters. Picking it up from
curiosity, Henry brought the phone closer to his ears. "What's up,
Captain?"

All Regina and Robin could hear was mutters, and Henry's eyes going
wide. Clueless, they looked at each other.

"What?!" Henry yelled, scaring everyone in the diner. "My mom's
having the babies _now_? But her due date isn't even 'til next month!
This is only her 30th week!"

With that, all eyes snapped to Henry. The teenager ran to the door,
not saying a goodbye to his other mother, nor did he pay for the
cocoa he ordered. He rushed to the town's hospital.

Inside Granny's was Regina and Robin, who are still looking at each
other speechless. They want to run after Henry, but they hadn't paid
for the food they ordered at Granny's. As a sheriff's son's adoptive
mother, Regina should know her laws.

"Don't mind the bill," Granny said. "You can pay later. Go after
Henry!"

"Thanks!" Robin exclaimed, heading for the door. They joined Henry in
running, and was accompanied by the dwarves. "Hello, dwarves!"

"Hey, thief," Grumpy panted. "Are you running because of Emma's birth
as well? Can you believe it? Her twins are coming a month
early!"

"That's exactly what I'm worried about, Grumps," Robin replied,
taking a sharp turn. "Emma's only 30 weeks pregnant, her babies are
going to be born premature!"

Arriving in the hospital, Robin, Regina, Henry and the dwarves rushed
through the hospital, only to see David, Mary Margaret and baby Neal
on the waiting room.

"Grandpa! Grandma! Where's my mom?" Henry asked, worried. "Is she
gonna be okay?"

"She's going to be okay, Henry," David reassured his grandson. "Its her twins we're worried about. They're born 7 weeks early. They're born premature. We're just afraid they're not gonna make it."

"Well, I have hope," Henry smiled. "My mom always make it through the tough things. So does Killian. The babies carry their genes and I am very certain they're fighters too, just like their parents."

With that, Regina gave her son a hug. Even in hard times, Henry has always been optimistic, and keeping the future bright. Regina knew she raised her son right. But then again, Henry literally has the genes of Peter Pan, Rumplestiltskin, Snow White, Prince Charming _and_ Emma Swan. He's like the most awesome kid alive.

"Speaking of, where is Killian?" asked Robin.

"Emma wanted him in there," Mary Margaret replied. "She wanted him for support. He is the father, after all."

"Can you believe it?" Henry let out a snigger. "The daughter of Snow White and Prince Charming is having twins with _the_ Captain Hook."

"Nope," David replied, crossing his arms. "But the trip to the Underworld reminded me of myself. I would've done the same thing for love."

"I never doubted their relationship," Mary Margaret said, joining the conversation. "I remember the first time they met, I was there. Clearly, there was chemistry, there's no denying that. And in Neverland, how could I forget that? Emma obviously has feelings for him, she just never fully admitted to herself. She's stubborn."

"Just like her mother," David joked, earning a 'hey!' and a glare from his wife. "I'm kidding. Anyway, shouldn't we be focused on Emma and the twins?"

Hours passed, and finally, the moment they all had been waiting for arrived. Killian went out of the delivery room, sweating, and clutching his hand. They all rushed to him, asking him different kinds of questions about Emma and the twins.

"With all due respect, Your Highnesses, lay off me, please," Killian said, taking a seat. "Bloody hell. Your daughters grip is soâ€¦ tight. Don't take it the wrong way, Dave. Actually, maybe you should."

"Where's Emma?" David asked, ignoring the pirate's obvious innuendo. "Is she okay?"

"Emma's okay, she's resting but she's awake," Killian answered, still clutching his hand. "The babies are okay too, but they need to keep them in the hospital for a little while."

"Why aren't you excited, Killian?" Henry asked carefully, furrowing his eyebrows.

"Because I haven't seen the baby yet," Killian admitted. "They're

still keeping them."

All of them nodded understandingly. David, who felt like he needed to break the awkward tension, spoke up. "Well then, what are we waiting for? Let's give a visit to our daughter! Hook, I understand if you would want to stay here."

"No thanks, mate," Killian answered, standing up. "I would like to see my _wife_ after she gave birth, thanks. Plus, they might bring the babies and I do not want to miss seeing my twins for the first time."

David nodded, and off they went to Emma's room. There, lay the blonde woman with green eyes called Emma Swan, sweating from the severity of giving birth.

"Hey guys," Emma panted once she saw them enter the room. "I just gave birth. They didn't let me see the babies yet. Killian, did they let you see the babies?"

"No, Swan," Killian looked down. "They said they're going to bring them for some check-up, since its born premature. I'm sorry."

"Its not your fault, Killian," Emma soothed her husband, grabbing his right hand, only to notice that the pirate was hiding his wince. "What's wrong with your hand?"

"Nothing, love," Killian answered curtly, with a comforting smile on his face, pulling back his hand. "I just tripped and broke myâ€¦ hand."

"What?" Emma squinted her eyes. "I love you, but you are _so_ bad at lying."

"I'm telling you, it's nothing," Killian said, hoping Emma would drop it off.

"No, it _is_ something," Emma resented, eyebrows arched. "Killianâ€¦ let me see your hand. Now. That is a command. As I said, I just gave birth and this is _worst_ than that time of the month."

Letting out an aspirated sigh, Killian stuck his hand out for his lovely wife to see. Emma felt her jaw drop. Memories of her in the past few years travelled across her mind. The first time she conjured magic, and how she had hurt the men she loves in her life; her father and Henry.

Killian pulled his hands back again, hiding it behind his body. "It's nothing to worry about, love. I've been through enough wounds and scars to not even notice this one."

"I'm sorry I did this to you," Emma whispered, her gaze hard on the pirate's face.

A rather awkward silence was present. David was about the break it up again, until a knock was heard from the other side of the cold, steel door of this hospital. Robin, who was closest to the door, opened it, only to reveal the doctor that helped Emma gave birth.

"Am I interrupting a private moment here?" The doctor asked in a sort

of joking manner. "Hopefully not because I've good news!"

"Really?" Emma screeched, kind of like a pterodactyl, due to the amount of excitement. "What is it, Dr. Smithers?"

"Well, your twin babies are healthy and fine," Dr. Smithers said with an enlivened smile. "Would you like to see them, Mrs. Swan and Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, yes, please!" Killian towed towards the doctor, his eyes lighting up. "Oh, and we don't know the genders yet, so please don't tell us because we want to keep it as a secret until we finally see them!"

"Got it," Dr. Smithers winked _not_ in a flirty way. "Nurse, bring the two baby Jones please."

A second after that, two nurses walked in, each holding a tiny baby in their arms. By now, Emma and Killian could see the gender of the baby, due to the color of the cloth it was wrapped up in. The nurse handed one of the babies to Emma, and the other to Killian.

Emma looked down on her baby's ocean blue eyes she knows too well. The ocean blue eyes she want to spend her life gazing into. And now, she's got 3 pairs of them, and she just can't _wait_ to love her twins.

Emma is definitely up for her babies crying all night, having to feed them, and not sleeping herself for days, or worse, _months_. But all of those doesn't matter to the blonde woman. She now had what she's always wantedâ€"â€" to watch her child grow up.

When the nurse handed the baby to Killian Jones, he didn't know how to feel. But once he stares at his baby's blue eyes, he knows that's definitely _his_. It's like, he's living the life he's always wanted, accompanied by what he wants most in life; a proper family.

As the baby on each of their arms opened their eyes, both Killian and Emma shed some tears. It is real. They're not just cute baby dolls who are designed to look like them. They're real, crying, kicking human beings, who will soon enough, grow up, and will have to let go.

It's not the first time Emma Swan has cried in front of people, but this is undoubtedly Killian's first. All his life, he felt like he has to stay strong for the sake of worrying his older brother, Liam, but this time, the emotions just wash right through him.

"What are you gonna name them, guys?" Mary Margaret questioned them, her tone indicating her almost crying.

"Well," Emma sobbed. "We've decided on William David Jones for the boy."

"You named your son after me?" David asked them, feeling himself start to well up. "Emma, _Killian_. That's so sweet of the both of you."

"And for the baby girl," Killian sniffed. "It's Valeia Maryanne Jones."

"Maryanne after _you_, mom," Emma implied, not wanting her mother to feel like she was less special in their eyes.

"That's so sweet," Mary Margaret smiled, tears now trickling down her cheeks. "But did you guys named Valeia after Princess Leia? The undercover name you went for in the past, Emma?"

"Yeah, we did," Emma replied, smiling widely, staring down at her twins. "It hasn't even been an hour but I love them already."

"Do you want to switch, Emma?" Killian asked softly. "I'll get Leia this time, and you get to see Liam."

"Nicknames already, huh, Killian?" Henry spoke for the first time in this memorable moment. "Oh, and before I forget, I think Regina and Robin would like to announce something."

"What?" Regina got caught off guard. "No, no. This is Emma and Hook's moment. I wouldn't like to be the one to destroy it."

"No, it's fine, Regina," Emma chuckled, feeling the former evil queen's concerns. "I'm too happy right now to get mad at you for stealing my thunder."

"Me too," Killian reassured them.

"Well," Regina said, turning to Robin. "We've decided to finally give _our_ baby a name. Robin?"

"She's called Sharon," Robin beamed. "Sharon Angelica Hood."

"It's a beautiful name," Mary Margaret answered, feeling the need to give the couple feedback.

After that, the 7 of them just stayed in silence, comfortable silence this time, enjoying each other's presence. Looking back on their time in Neverland, when Emma told them to pack their crap up to rescue Henry, and asking them to ignore the labels given to each other, it's a quite laughable one. Look how far they've gone. Look at where they are now.

End
file.